THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME

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For The Child's Paper.

THE BEST FIGHT.

The boys in our neighborhood formed a company. They called it the State Guards. They had uniforms and banners, and a drum and fife, and looked quite military. They were all sizes, little boys and big boys. The big boys did not want the little boys, but the little boys *would*. Their march through the street attracted a good deal of attention, and a posse of idlers ran after them as they run after soldiers of a larger growth.

"I wish we had somebody to fight," said the captain. "I should like no better fun than to go to battle and kill somebody."

"What a pity there is so much fight in us," said a timid mother.

Pity! Oh no. I am glad there is, for there is a great deal of fighting to do. The only concern is, that the boys should get into the best fight.

"*Best fight! I did not know there was any best to it. I thought all fighting was bad.*"

Yes, there is. Do you want to know what it is? "*Overcome evil with good.*" Overcome means to get the best of, to conquer. This warfare is the best warfare; it has several advantages.

It is the *cheapest* kind. War, you know, costs a great deal. The equipments of a new military company formed here not long ago, cost each man, to begin with, one hundred and twenty dollars. If it goes into battle, the expense will be vastly increased. Different assessments will be made on different men. Some it will cost an arm, some an eye, some a lip; to some, life itself. Our Revolutionary war cost fifty million dollars a year, and it lasted seven years. How much did that come to? A round sum. And it cost England twice as much. But to "overcome evil with good" no powder or shot is necessary—no Sharpe's rifles or Colt's revolvers. The sole ammunition is kindness; the only charge is love.

Another advantage is, that it is *safer*. War is full of danger and privation, and sickness and death. Did you ever read a description of a battle-field—surgeons at work from morning till night, ready to faint with fatigue, and scores of poor soldiers begging for their turn to come next? But in the "best fight" no limbs are shot off; no blood is shed; no lives are taken; no children made orphans, no wives made widows. It is safe, and pleasant as safe, and safe as pleasant.

Another advantage of this fighing over all other kinds is, that it is *surer to beat*. There was once a cross woman who lived in an old house alone. Nobody *could* live with her. She was called a *virago*. The neighbors had as little to do with her as possible. The children were dreadfully afraid of her. A new family from the country moved into the next house, and the good woman was not slow in learning the character of "Ma'am Bates." "She'll kill your hens, stone your kitten, and do every thing to plague you." "Oh, never mind," said Mrs. Grey, "if she does; I shall contrive to *kill her*." What, had the neighborhood got another edition of Ma'am Bates? Could pleasant-spoken Mrs. Grey *kill* anybody? Well, it was not long before she had a touch of "Ma'am Bates'" tongue, and it was enough to cut you in two. So when Mrs. Grey had a barrel of nice apples from the country, she sent a basketfull in to her; that was *her* way of fighting; but never a word of thanks did the little girl get who fetched them. Instead of thanking her, what should the ugly old creature do but toss them all over into Mrs. Gray's back yard, most of them into the mud. That was not all. Mrs. Grey had a little dog Fido, who, just as he used to do in the country, made friendly calls in the neighboring yards. Fido certainly meant no harm. One day, finding Ma'am Bates' gate open, in an evil moment the little dog trotted in. And what should she do but pour a ladle of hot suds on his back. Poor Fido ran yelping home, and it was a long time before he got well of his scald. What did Mrs. Gray do? Did she scald Ma'am Bates' black cat? No, no. The old woman had a troublesome cough, and Mrs. Grey carried her in some medicine for it.

Mrs. Grey, not many weeks after, while washing at her back door, heard low groans. She listened. "Something has happened to poor Ma'am Bates," said the little woman, leaving her tub and going round to see what the matter was. Sure enough, the old creature had fallen down with an armful of wood, and so turned her ankle that she could not get up. Mrs. Grey hoisted her up as well as she could, helped her into the house, bathed her ankle in linament, put her in bed, and brought her some warm tea from her own teapot. "Oh," cried Ma'am Bates, the tears rolling down her weather-beaten cheeks in spite of herself, "neighbor, you'll fairly *kill* me with kindness." "That's just what I *mean* to do," said the good little woman.

Well, she *was* killed. The *virago* was killed; and when Ma'am Bates got out again, she proved to be as good a neighbor as anybody. The police could not make her. Bridewell could not, for she had been locked up there. Retaliation could not do it; that is, treating *her* as she treated others; it made her worse. The tit-for-tat policy is a

poor one. Mrs. Grey fought on surer ground; she "overcame evil with good." Kindness conquered. Love made sure work of it. The old woman could foil every other weapon; but kindness she couldn't. Nobody can stand its fire long without giving up.

Should you not like to enlist in the company who fight with such weapons? Jesus Christ is Captain of it. Love is the uniform. It is an "army with banners." Here are some of the mottoes: "A kiss for a blow;" "Conquer by kindness;" "Overcome evil with good." And the best of it is, all the children can join; none too young, or too poorly educated, or too feeble-minded. They may all fight this fight, and come off conquerors, and more than conquerors, through him that loved us, Jesus Christ; who *so* loved us that he came to this world filled with enemies to redeem us from sin and help us in this best of fights, "overcoming evil with good."

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Somebody asked us what work we liked to do best. What work? Why, writing for The Child's Paper—showing the way to Jesus.

And this year closes the tenth year of this our work for you, dear children. Very precious has it been. Many changes have happened since we began. Many who began with us have grown up to be men and women. Some are lying in their little graves; some have gone out from us. A black cloud darkens our beautiful land, and there is sorrow in every heart. But no changes can take from or add to the importance and preciousness of our work for the children, rich and poor, black and white, east, west, north, and south—alike to all we wish to show the way to Jesus.

It was but the other day a dear little boy, trying to go home from his grandmother's alone, was lost. He did not come home. His father went for him, and he was not there. Nobody had seen him. Search was made; the crier was out. At last he was found by a log on the bridge asleep. A little movement the wrong way, and he would have fallen into the black and boiling waters below. The poor little fellow was frightened and tired and heart-sick, and, crying, could only say, "Nobody showed me the way." Ah, I am afraid a great many lost children can say so, for children *need* to be shown; they *ought* to be shown. How can they know the right way *without showing?*

And will the dear friends who wait on our humble ministry help us to extend it more and more? There are lost children, straying children, tempted children, waiting children, praying children all over our land, to be found and shown the way to Jesus. Will you not help us do it—for God has many links in the golden chain of Christian benevolence—will you not help us by your personal efforts, by your pennies, and best of all, by your prayers?

WILBERFORCE RICHMOND.

This dear son of the Rev. Legh Richmond, conversing with his sister as to his hope of heaven, said, "I will tell you just what I did. After a season of much doubt and terror, during which I felt as if all was delusion, and I should be cast into hell, I determined to go at once boldly to God, in the name of Christ, and plead the promises which were then before me in the Bible. I fell down upon my knees; I groaned; I wept; I prayed most fervently. I said, Here I am, Lord, a poor perishing sinner. My sins are heavy and alarming; I cannot bear them myself. I feel my body decaying. I must soon die, and I dare not appear before thee, the pure and holy God, as I now am. I read of a Saviour thou hast provided for sinners, and I come to him to be saved from eternal death. I come to the cross of Christ. I cling to it as my only hope. If thou, O Christ, wilt not save me, no one else can, and I must perish. Lord, save me! Jesus, have mercy on me! I persevered thus again and again. I kept on praying in this way. I took nothing with me but a broken heart and a contrite spirit, and I said, 'Lord, I will not go except thou bless me.' I trust I prayed sincerely, and I was heard and answered. I found that promise true, 'Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' God was good to me. My soul required severe discipline, but he comforted me in his own good time. I found Christ able and willing to do all that I required. I was enabled to receive him as my complete salvation; and I sometimes had such peace in believing on him, such hours of unspeakable happiness, that the remembrance of it makes up for all this suffering."

"Mother," said a lad to his mother, "you would like Tom Aston's *rousing Nos.* A boy tried to coax him to play truant and go down river fishing this afternoon, and he said '*No*' in such a way the fellow wont ask him again, I reckon." Ah, do the boys know how *much depends* upon when and how they say "No." When temptation dogs your heels, say '*No.*' When weak or wicked companions hang round to coax you off the right track, say "*No.*" When sin or Satan try to entice you, say "No." A prompt, firm, rousing, sword-like "*No*" will cut you clear of a thousand hinderances in the way of excellence and true happiness.

For The Child's Paper.

What does nipping Jack Frost say? *Remember the poor.* What does the icy north wind howl? *Remember the poor.* What the drifting snow? *Remember the poor.* That at least is what Harry Jones heard, especially one cold December night, as he came from Mr. Clark's printing-office to his mother's warm, bright, snug kitchen. "Mother," said he, "before I unrig I must go down and see how it fares with the Carters. Old Carter has been drunk all the week, and to-day I saw one of the girls crying on the corner." "Oh," said grandmother, "would you go out again this bitter night? You are tired enough, poor boy, I know. Why not see to it to-morrow?" "You forget what the good Book says, grandmother," answered Harry. "'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto *me.*' It is Christ's work, grandmother." "*Go,*" answered the old lady quickly.

"Tell mother where I'm gone," said Harry; and he was off. Bounding through the snow, he reached an old black bleak house, from one room of which there was a faint glimmer of light and a noisy yelling, like—just what it was—a drunken man too far gone to behave decently. Harry pushed open the door and went in. Oh what a pitiful sight! By the dim lamp he saw poor sick, broken-hearted Mrs. Carter in bed, her little children, three in number, hiding in and under the bed, their father stretched on the floor—no food, no fire, nothing to shed a ray of comfort on the miserable family, made miserable by the wicked conduct of him who ought to have been their provider and protector.

It did not take Harry long to learn how matters stood; indeed, the poor family had never come to so sad a pass as this before. He took the oldest little girl with him to go for a kind doctor in the neighborhood, while he went home to get a few comforts for immediate use. Harry ran in and told his mother. "Pile up your sled with wood, Harry," said she, "while I get something together for their supper;" and Harry, as you may well think, did not need a second telling. No boy at play moved brisker. On his way back he overtook the kind doctor, and together they went on their merciful errand to the Carters.

It took up most of Harry's evening, and though he was pretty tired when he came from the printing-office, he forgot that, and only felt like thanking God for giving him the good work to do. He kindled the fire, fed the hungry children, fixed up the room, soothed the poor woman and smoothed her bed, as if he were a housemaid and not a printer. The doctor smiled, and said, "You are as much a Howard as a Franklin, Harry;" but I think he had in his heart a better master and model than either, and that was Jesus.

For The Child's Paper.

AMY'S STRAWBERRY PARTY.

In that fresh morning hour which flowers, birds, and children love, Amy ran into the garden to gather roses for the breakfast-table. This pleasant task of filling a vase with flowers while the dew was still bright, was self-imposed. Amy fancied that breakfast tasted much better when the table was thus brightened. The gardener had already filled leaf-lined baskets with strawberries; now he pulled open the wet vines to find the crimson fruit. Amy was a little girl, yet she had learned to make life pleasant for other people.

Amy found the table laid very carelessly. She straightened the cloth, arranged the teatray in a more orderly fashion, and set her slender vase of red and white roses in the very centre. Then taking a seat near the strawberry baskets on the lawn, the child began to fill a glass bowl with the fragrant berries for breakfast. Amy's little fingers pulled off quickly the green caps from the strawberry heads. The huge perfect berries Amy reserved for the crowning glory of the pile. The table was soon beautified by this perfumed bowl. Across the lawn, through a meadow, Amy ran with an odd-looking china pitcher to the dairy-woman for fresh cream.

Harry was older than Amy, but he had not this pretty way of caring for others. When his sister came back bearing steadily the cream-pitcher, this boy was out in the garden with his bow, shooting at the merry birds. He was thinking of himself, and what would amuse him. Behind the teatray the children found their mother, fresh for her day's work of loving and guiding. Amy liked her smile better than the sweet roses or the dew-washed fruit.

The children's father was absent on business, so Amy's mamma took the Book and read some of Christ's words. It was that place where "the maimed, the halt, and the blind" are invited to a feast. Amy listened, but Harry was planning what he could do through that pleasant midsummer day.

Out on the lawn they all went to look at the strawberries; the gardener had picked a half-bushel that morning. It was a beautiful sight to see the scarlet-stained baskets.

"A half-bushel!" said the children's mother, quite dismayed; "what can I do with so many?"

Amy looked very thoughtful. "Such a nice plan has come into my head," she whispered to her mamma—"May I have a strawberry party? Let me invite just who I like, dear mamma;" and Amy's eyes were full of interest. This kind mother knew that Amy would not abuse her confidence, so she gave her leave to invite whoever she wished to her strawberry feast, promising that the table should be well spread. Amy went alone to invite her guests; it was a grand secret. Harry protested that he should find Belle, Carrie, and Kate, her intimate friends, on his return from trout-fishing. While Amy was away, her mother stained her fingers crimson hulling the berries and distributing the half-bushel in platters and bowls. The cook baked cakes in little pans, and made a fruit-cake for the middle of the table. Amy came home quite heated and tired, yet she did not rest until she had adorned the rooms with baskets and vases of flowers.

At two o'clock Amy was ready to receive her guests. Soon after, some one was heard on the gravel walk. Amy's mamma looked out, and saw nurse Atley coming, in her white apron and dark

dress—good nurse Atley, who so seldom had a holiday. Amy ran to welcome her, and insisted on taking her to the best velvet chair in the drawing-room; but nurse suggested that the piazza would be cool and pleasant; so thither they went, for nurse had a withered hand, and could not even knit. It would amuse her to look out on the garden.

Voices were again heard. The children's mother peeped through the blinds, and saw the poor German woman drawing in his rude wagon the little lame boy who would never walk again. Amy saw that he was settled in a shady place on the lawn; then she ran for toys and picture-books.

Next came the shy little girl in Amy's Sabbath-school class, who had a cataract forming on one eye. It was not likely that she had ever tasted plump strawberries like Amy's; she had only seen the little wild ones growing in the fields.

At the kitchen door knocked the old man in his Sunday coat, the one who sawed wood in winter, and drove cows, and trembled with the palsy—the one who was deaf, and poor, and bent over. Amy escorted him to an arm-chair, and talked so distinctly and pleasantly that she made him laugh, although what she said was not particularly funny. Amy's mother joined the group on the piazza, and helped her little daughter in making them happy. One more visitor came, the sewing-girl, who had a cough and always looked tired. Amy begged her mamma to play and sing soon after she came, for she knew the music would rest her.

When Harry came home he found the table covered with fruit, flowers, cake, and sandwiches, besides cream and a great bowl of custard. Instead of the little girls all dressed in white, he saw Amy seating these odd friends around the table, and waiting on them herself, while the mother poured the tea.

Such a feast as they had—real cream on strawberries, with plenty of white sugar! Some of the party had never tasted such a treat before. After nurse Atley had taken her third cup of tea, and the little half-blind girl had eaten until she was quite satisfied, the guests gathered around the piano to hear the mother sing a parting hymn, so sweet and tender that it lingered long after the berries were forgotten. Then they went home, each carrying a basket filled with fruit.

At nightfall the half-bushel of berries had disappeared from the bowls and platters, for Amy had given them all away; yet they were not wasted. Our dear Lord says, "Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down and running over." D.

For The Child's Paper.

KITTY AND THE SILVER WINGS.

Kitty's papa told her of the red and the black and the tawny children on the other side of the globe, who prayed to stocks and stones, and had no Bible to tell them about the heavenly way.

One day a lady came to visit her mamma, who brought in her bag a little clay image, squatting like a toad, and she took it out and showed it to Kitty. Kitty supposed it was a plaything, but not a very pretty one. "That is an idol," said the lady. "People on the other side of the world call it a god, and pray to it." "Oh," cried Kitty in sad surprise, "it can't hear; it don't know." "No," said the lady: "it has eyes, but it sees not; it has ears, but it hears not; mouth, but it speaks not." "That is different from our God," said Kitty. "He sees and hears and knows every thing; and he *loves* us too," added the little girl.

"How do you know?" asked the lady. "Oh, I know," replied Kitty, "because he sent his dear Son to die on the cross and become our Saviour, and he gives us his Holy Spirit to make us *willing*." "The poor little heathen children do not know Jesus," said the lady feelingly; "they have no Bible to tell them." "I know it," said Kitty.

She thought a great deal about the idol and the poor wretched children who prayed to it. It made good all her papa had told her, and she wished she had great wings to fly over the ocean and tell them about her Jesus. One day she said to her mamma, "Mamma, I wish I had great white wings, like the angels, to fly and tell poor children

who don't know Jesus all about him, and how he wants them to be his lambs."

As mamma could not help her little girl to angels' wings, she told her about silver wings. "Silver wings!" cried Kitty. "Yes," replied mamma; "you can give silver wings to the gospel, and send it away to preach Jesus." "I!" exclaimed Kitty. She opened her eyes wide. She did not quite understand. She was sure she never saw the gospel flying through the air so.

"A Bible, or a tract, or one of your little papers cannot go and do good to the poor children all by *itself*," said mamma; "somebody must *buy* and *send* them. It is *money* which gives them a start." "Oh yes," cried Kitty brightly, "I see." Kitty had now a little seed-thought in her bosom. She nursed it until it sprouted, and this was its first small sprout.

"Mamma," said she, some days after, "how can I earn some money?" Papa was near, and he laughed. Kitty blushed. She did not like her papa's laughing; she thought he was laughing *at her*, and it made her afraid. But mother understood the little girl better, and immediately said, for mothers have to think quick, "Kitty, when you finish the garters you have begun, I will buy them and pay you for them."

That was indeed a bargain to the point, though I fancy it was not precisely what Kitty would have bargained for. She did not expect to be tried by her knitting-work. Kitty was learning to knit, and like many other little girls I know, had begun in earnest; but now the work lagged. Kitty did not love her knitting. "Mamma," she asked, "how much shall you give me for the garters, do you suppose?" "Thirty cents," answered mamma, "three silver ten cent pieces. Ten cents will buy a Testament, and ten cents will buy twelve of your little papers—a whole year's subscription."

Would the little sprout grow up into fruitful action? Kitty's mother prayed in her heart that her little child might *do* as well as *feel*, and thus learn how sweet it is to work for God. The next day Kitty hunted up her knitting-work. Click, click, click went her needles. Click, click, click, click, click, click—not all the time, of course, for Kitty had her studies; nor all the time when she was not studying, for little children, like little lambs, like to frisk; and how pleasant it is to see them.

But the click, click, click was so frequent, that mother at last discovered two new strands in the knitting—two strands that would make the garters up to their full worth. What were they? What *was* Kitty knitting? Besides the original yarn, she was knitting out a *purpose*. That was one new strand. The other was *perseverance*. So, you see, the garters were being made of excellent stuff.

I do not know how long it took to finish them. The work, like a golden thread, ran through many days. In good time, however, they were finished, and Kitty received her pay—three ten cent pieces. "Silver wings, mamma," said the little girl, smiling. Her mother forbore advising her about their disposal, for she thought Kitty had better mature her own little plans; and she did, and then she told her mother.

"Mamma," she said, "as my dear little papers tell so much about Jesus, I shall put silver wings to two sets of Child's Papers and one Testament, and then God will tell them where to go."

So she sent twenty cents to the Tract Society for the Child's Paper, and ten to the Bible Society, and the humble offering of this little child is on its way in the great treasury of God, blessing her who gave as well as them who take. H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

HELEN and Robert were invited to a Christmas-tree. They were much pleased, for they had never seen one. So, as they entered the room, what did they behold? A stately spruce in the middle of the room, lighted with candles on every bough. It was hung with gold apples, and the branches were loaded with presents.

Mrs. Nason received them kindly, and introduced them to her little neices and nephews; but Helen and Robert had quite as much as they could do looking. By and by a little boy came round and gave all the company a number. Helen's was ten and Robert's nineteen, and he told them when their number was called to say, "I."

A gentleman then stepped forward to gather the fruit of this fine tree. He took off a black doll, and seeing "six" marked on it, called, "Number six." Number six came forward, a curly-headed little girl, took the black dolly, and ran back hugging it in her arms. So he kept calling and giving. "Number ten." "That is I," answered Helen, stepping up and receiving a cunning little box. What was in it? Helen peeped in and saw a beautiful silver thimble with her name on it. "Just what I wanted!" cried the happy little girl. What would Robert's be?

Number nineteen came along in time, and what was it? A red pocket-book. "I never!" exclaimed Robert on a tip-toe of delight. Every little boy and girl had a gift from the Christmas-tree, and grandmother had a Testament in big letters, suited to her dim eyes. Then they played and sung a hymn, and all went home.

Helen and Robert had much to tell, as you may suppose, and they talked very fast. "What *was* the tree?" asked mother, who, quite likely, had never seen one. "It seemed to me a tree of knowledge," answered Helen; "it knew just what we wanted."

"Mother," said the little girl, "why do people make presents on Christmas?" Her mother did not answer at once.

"I've been thinking why," said Helen. "Why?" asked papa. "Because, papa, it was Christmas-day God gave us the gift of his dear Son to be our Saviour, and we try to follow his example," answered the little girl, a sweet seriousness overspreading her countenance at the thought of it.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah the mother one day;
"He is healing the people who throng him
With a touch of his finger, they say.

"And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel and Samuel and John;
I shall carry the baby Esther
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled.
"Now who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 't were well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between,

'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch or his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She passed to the feet of her Lord.

"Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how from morning to evening
He teacheth and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto me;"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he set on his knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;

As he said of the babes in his bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven:"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

For The Child's Paper.

THE BEST SOLDIERS.

Oliver Cromwell was Lord Protector of England. He was also a great general, and a successful general. What sort of soldiers had he? for some people think bad men make the best soldiers. That is a great mistake. If we have a good cause to fight for, we want good men to do the fighting, because *they* make the best soldiers. Hear Cromwell's opinion, and he knew: "Truly, I think he that prays best, fights best," he says. "I know nothing that will give like courage and confidence as the knowledge of God in Christ will; and I bless God to see any, even in this army, able and willing to impart the knowledge they have for the good of others." "Accordingly," he adds, "I raised such men as *had the fear of God before them*, and made some conscience of what they did; and from that day forward they *never were beaten*; but whenever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually."

They went into battle praying and singing psalms. Their watchword was, "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." Every soldier had his little pocket Bible of select texts for soldiers, and fed his soul upon the word of God. No wonder Cromwell's battalions were called *Ironsides;* and such battalions does our country demand in her great agony—men strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

For The Child's Paper.

"MOTHER," said a young man, "may I go to the war?" The mother looked into the face of her son, her *only* son, more precious to her than any thing on earth. "John," she asked, "are you prepared to die and meet God in the judgment?" "I trust my soul has been washed in the blood of the Lamb slain. I have no fears, mother," answered the young man devoutly. "Go, my boy, go. I lay my all on the altar of my country." Her voice never faltered; but her widowed heart, who can tell its pangs?

It is by costly sacrifices like these, wrung from bleeding yet willing hearts, that we shall learn to love with a patriot's love, and cherish with a patriot's faith the precious liberties of our land.

"WARN Tom, on entering college," says Dr. Alexander to a friend, "against early acquaintanceship. I have seen it make study impossible, by the everlasting run on one's room; and there is no possible preventive but waiting long and choosing one's own friends, not being chosen by them. *I never saw a perfectly punctual scholar go astray.*"

"THERE, my son," said a father to his little boy on his fifth birthday, "I am going to put twenty-five dollars for you in the savings-bank, so that you will have something to begin life with when you are twenty-one."

"Is it not better to lay it up in heaven, father?" asked the child; "you know I may not be here."

THERE is no fault so small that it will disappear of itself. You must make a business of pulling it up by the roots, and throwing it away.

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